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July 20, 1962 - Friday

Susan Mary Alsop left us today on her way to Greece, where she will spend, with her children, part of the summer at the Sulzbergers.

Mary Howard Bruce came to tea with us.

July 21, 1962 - Saturday

This is the first day, during a crowded period, when I have had sufficient time for reading and reflection. I got up at 6:30 a.m., took a walk, in the course of which I called on the two black swans, and their five dun colored cygnets.

I breakfasted with those early birds, Sasha and Terry Graham. Meanwhile, E, always an early riser, emerged from slumber, was rattling away on the typewriter.

I read steadily for five hours, ruminating over Home's recent speech on the United Nations, the last press conferences of the President, Secretary Rusk's comments appropriately cautious, on international affairs. Having at last acquired, through Heywood Hill, the booksellers, who must find my incessant demands for publications of an eclectic character rather confusing, a copy of Tennyson, containing my favorite Ulysses, I had a dash at that. I cleaned up the last oopy of the Economist, inspected the wine cellar (which requires almost constant replenishment--we are, at the moment, rather short on champagne and cognac), surveyed the always depressing household accounts, advised Paolo, the footman, not to leave us just because the butler insists on referring to him, and his dozen or so Spanish and Italian fellow-servants as "damned foreigners", made play with the two girls as to how they might view Og, Gog, and Magog, at the Tower of London, encouraged Nicky in his love for reciting poetry, though I think, even at the age of eleven, he overrates the merits of Walter Delamare, heard from Al Wells that the morning telegrams required no action by me, staved off compatriots who wanted to be entertained by us over the

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